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In gentler tones Secunda hopes  
"There will be nonsense in it!"  
While Tertia interrupts the tale  
Not more than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,  
In fancy they pursue  
The dream-child moving through a land  
Of wonders wild and new,  
In friendly chat with bird or beast—  
And half believe it true.

And ever, as the story drained  
The wells of fancy dry,  
And faintly strove that weary one  
To put the subject by,

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"The rest next time—" "It is next time!"  
The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:  
Thus slowly, one by one,  
Its quaint events were hammered out—  
And now the tale is done,  
And home we steer, a merry crew,  
Beneath the setting sun.

Alice! A childish story take,  
And, with a gentle hand,  
Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined  
In Memory's mystic band,  
Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath of flowers  
Pluck'd in a far-off land.

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